

prise that many Spaniards in the Pueblo country, priests, soldiers and civilians were killed, and the survivors, after holding out for a time under Governor Otermin at Sante Fe, fled to El Paso, and in October there remained not a single Spaniard in all New Mexico.

Despite their bitter disappointment, the southern nations continued to cherish the hope of a coming redeemer, who now assumed the character of a terrible avenger of their wrongs, and the white-skin conqueror has had a bloody occasion to remember that his silent peon, as he toils by blue Chapala or sits amid the ruins of his former grandeur in the dark forests of Yucatan, yet waits ever and always the coming of the day which shall break the power of the alien Spaniard and restore to their inheritance the children of Anahuac and Mayapau. In Peru the natives refused to believe that the last of the Incas had perished a wanderer in the forests of the eastern Cordilleras. For more than two centuries they cherished the tradition that he had only retired to another kingdom beyond the mountains, from which he would return in his own good time to sweep their haughty oppressors from the land.

In 1781 the slumbering hope found expression in a terrible insurrection under the leadership of the mestizo Condorecauqui, a decedent of the ancient royal family, who boldly proclaimed himself the long lost Tupac Amaru, child of the sun and Inca of Peru. With mad enthusiasm the Quichua highlanders hailed him as their destined deliverer and rightful sovereign, and binding around his forehead the imperial fillet of the Incas, he advanced at the head of an immense army to the walls of Cuzco, declaring his purpose to blot the very memory of the white man and re-establish the Indian empire in the City of the Sun. Inspired by the hope of vengeance on the conqueror, even boys became leaders of their peo-

ple, and it was only after a bloody struggle of two years duration that the Spaniards were able to regain the mastery and consigned the captive Inca, with all his family, to an ignominious and barbarous death. Even then so great was the feeling of veneration which he had inspired in the breasts of the Indians that, notwithstanding, their fear of the Spaniards, and though they were surrounded by soldiers of the victorious army, they prostrated themselves at the sight of the last of the children of the sun, as he passed along the streets to the place of his execution.

In the New World, as in Old, the advent of the deliverer was to be heralded by signs and wonders. Thus in Mexico, a mysterious rising of the waters of Lake Tezcuco, three comets blazing in the sky, and a strange light in the east, prepared the minds of the people for the near coming of the Spaniards. In this connection, also, there was usually a belief in a series of previous destruction by flood, fire, famine, or pestilence, followed by a regeneration through the omnipotent might of the saviour.

The doctrine that the world is old and worn out, and that the time for its renewal is near at hand, is an essential part of the teaching of the ghost dance.

The number of these cycles of destruction was variously stated among different tribes, but perhaps the most sadly prophetic form of the myth was found among the Winnebago, who forty years ago held that the tenth generation of their people was near its close, and that at the end of the thirteenth the red races would be destroyed. By prayers and ceremonies they were then endeavoring to placate their angry gods and put farther away the doom that that now seems rapidly closing in on them.

*The Narrative,*

JAMES MOONEY.